

Allowed to Play

It all started when my husband came clean about his secret desires in the bedroom. I knew he was kinky. Just how kinky had not been revealed until late one summer night. I suppose I should introduce us before continuing on. My name is Lucy. I'm 32 years old, and very happily married. I am five foot two, weighing in at about one hundred pounds. I have short brunette hair, and green eyes. My breasts have always been on the small side, but my ass and legs are phenomenal. I was a swimmer and a gymnast in high school and college, and the results have stayed with me quite well.

My husband Tom is the most wonderful man a wife could want. Although he is just a tad over weight, he is still sexy I that burly teddy bear kind of way. He stands at just over six foot five, and has the muscles to go with it. Granted a bit of fat covers those muscles, they still show during sex or other such strenuous activity. He has short brown hair, and big brown eyes. His beard is groomed well, but covers his face. That's the one thing I've always said I could go without, but he seems to like it so I don't complain too much. Picture a cleaner version of a lumber jack, and you've got my husband. Flannel jacket and jeans and all.

Now that you know who we are, I will begin the tale that you have no doubtedly selected this story to read. As we lay in bed one night after what seemed to be the best sex we had in quite some time, Tom confessed to me one of the wildest and sexiest things I have ever heard him come up with. I could tell he was very bashful when he finally disclosed this to me. However, I could also tell he had been wanting to tell me this for quite some time. After all, this was not something somebody just makes up on a whim. It takes time to build and ferment. Believe me, some of the fantasies I have not confessed as of yet would knock your socks off. But that is for another story, and another time.

The conversation started by us discussing how great the sex was. This was common for us during and after our sessions. We like to discuss what the best parts were, and what we could improve in. That way we always know how to make things better and better each time. Soon however, it took a turn I never saw coming. He started asking me about the best lover I've ever had. Naturally I said it was Tom. This of course was one of those polite lies you tell someone when you don't want to hurt their feelings, and Tom could see right through me. He gave me that look he gets when he knows I'm lying through my teeth to protect him. Of course I would never admit that the best fuck of my life was my last boyfriend Kevin. I dated this man right before I met my husband. I say man because that's exactly what he was. In every essence of the word. Oh my god the things this man could do to me inside and out. The things he could make me agree to out of sheer lust for him. He was built like a super model, with the face of the sexiest devil you have ever seen. Not to mention he was well over nine inches with the girth to match it. There was nothing that me and Kevin did not do more than a few times in bed. Nobody has ever gotten me to sweat as much as him.

Tom finally got me to tell him about the "second best fuck of my life." Thinking the topic might upset him, I kept the descriptions mild and somewhat non-descriptive. However, judging from the rise in the sheets covering my husband's lower body, I realized this was seriously turning him on. The details soon became intensely vivid, and I found myself growing wet just talking about it. Finally the moment of truth came. Tom asked me if I still had Kevin's number. I immediately burst into laughter and asked him why. He told me that he would love to let me have a rendezvous with my old flame. I laughed it off and told him absolutely not. The conversation went on a bit longer, and it finally boiled down to me loving my husband and not wanting anyone else but him. We left it at that, and after yet another fuck session, I rolled onto my husband's broad chest and drifted off to sleep. Though, before sleep overtook

me, all I could think about was how scary it was that I actually wanted what my husband had proposed. Oh god how I wanted it.

Several days passed, and neither of us made mention of that night's conversation. Life went on as normal. We both attended our respected jobs, and lead our seemingly normal lives. I was a respected partner at a local law firm, and Tom was the operations manager of a nearby delivery service. We were more than happy, and very well off for people in our age group. I working at a firm, and Tom working at a delivery service, I was always the first to get home. Arriving home early one Tuesday, I had the opportunity to do some reorganizing of my closet.

As I was going through some old shoes boxes I haven't touched in years, I stumbled upon the most ironic and frightfully exciting things I could imagine. Kevin's old phone number. My heart skipped about ten beats, and my adrenaline began pumping hard. I was unsure of what to do. "Did Tom really mean what he said about fantasizing about me sleeping with Kevin again?" Not that it wouldn't be fun. I would have loved to wrap my legs around that god of a man and not let go. But it just seemed so wrong. But wrong was also hot. I decided to tell Tom about the number and see what he thought, then go from there.

I decided to dress sexy, and make Tom a big dinner before he returned home. Then I could bring up the news. I threw some steaks into the oven, along with some potatoes for baking, corn on the cob, and a small quantity of dinner rolls I had been meaning to get rid of somehow. While it was cooking, I went upstairs and took a shower. I made sure I shaved my legs and pussy to perfection, and use the sexiest bath soaps I owned. After getting out, I clothed myself in a hot little red skirt and black spaghetti string top. Along with that came black fishnet stockings, with matching garter belt and thong. Black heels, light make-up, and no bra completed the ensemble.

After returning to the kitchen, I set dinner out with wine for me and Tom's favorite beer for him. He was more than happy to return home to such a nice surprise waiting for him. We made small talk and as usual the conversation turned to sex. Finally I told Tom about the number. At first he contemplated the idea silently and stoically. Then finally an ear to ear grin spread across his face. He told me that he still secretly craved my meeting with Kevin and that he would love for it to happen as soon as possible. I confessed to him how wet the idea actually made me, and would love nothing more than to make his fantasy come true. But only once.....for now. Not being to hold back any longer, I dropped to my knees beneath the table and soon engulfed his cock with all my pent up lust. I sucked my husband completely off, swallowing every drop of his hot, thick cum. He took me to the bedroom soon after, not even finishing his meal unusually, and we fucked filthily until the sun came up.

The moment came when I worked up the courage to call Kevin. I wasn't even sure if the number still even belonged to him. It had been well over ten years since he and I spoke. I had caught him with my supposed best friend at the time. I hated both of them after that. Though how could I blame her for letting Tom tear into her. No woman could resist such a Greek god. Kevin and I smoothed out our differences a while after the unfortunate event, but we agreed to remain friends. As difficult as that was. Anyway, there I was. Cell phone in one hand, crumpled piece of decade and a half old notebook paper in the other. Finally I bit the bullet and called. However I was appalled to hear a woman's voice on the other end. I immediately freaked and hung up the phone. Moments later the phone rang. I looked on the screen and it was Kevin's number. Panicking that my voicemail would pick up, and they would know who was calling, I answered with a simple "hello."

The voice on the other side was Kevin's this time. It was definitely Kevin's. It seemed deeper now.

Obviously with age. However there was no mistaking that voice. I instantly grew wet between my thighs. He was yelling at me about it not being funny to call and hang up on somebody's wife like that. His wife?! I cut him off by stammering a hello, and he immediately recognized my voice. "Lucy!?" He asked sounding taken aback. "Lucy is that you?"

All I could do was tell him who I was and tell him about how I found his number in an old shoe box. He immediately began flirting with me, and seemed to have no conscience about having a wife. To be completely honest, neither did I. And as terrible as it sounds, it even made me hotter and want him more. I soon told him about what my husband and I talked about, and that in all honesty it was more to please myself than to please Tom. This seemed to excite Kevin even more, and he agreed whole heartedly. I told him about how bad I needed him, and he told me about how I was the best piece of pussy he ever had. He told me he settled in the next town over amazingly, and that he could be over as soon as I gave the word. I had originally planned to tell my husband about me talking to him and decide on a time and date together, but I was shocked to find myself asking him to come over immediately. My husband would not be home for at least six more hours anyway.

Once the phone hung up, I was a bolt of lightning around my house. I raced around cleaning and getting ready at the same time. I dressed in a tight fitting white half tee, and skin tight blue jeans. No bra once again, and a pretty pink thong completed my outfit.

Just when I finished getting the last bit of make up on, the doorbell rang. My heart jumped and I went to the fridge to quickly down the rest of the wine. I then opened the door to the answer to my prayers. God he looked hotter than ever, and we both embraced each other without a word. He pinned me to the wall by the wrists, and kissed me hard and deep. Grinding into me with that huge cock. All I could do was moan into him as he picked me up and began carrying me upstairs with haste. Once in the bedroom he threw me onto the bed and literally tore my shirt off my body. Immediately his lips and tongue were all over my fully erect nipples. I moaned in delight as his hand rubbed my sopping wet pussy through my jeans. I pulled his shirt over his head, just in time to feel him unbuttoning my pants. He whispered into my ear that he was going to do me better than my husband could ever dream and this made me even wetter. In seconds my jeans were on the floor and his head was between my thighs. He was sucking my hot pussy through the thin see through fabric of my thong. I was in heaven as every nerve in my body was on fire. He was just as muscular as I had remembered, and I couldn't help but run my hands over his rock hard shoulders.

My thong was soon on the floor and his face was buried in me beautifully. He sucked my pussy with such skill I could divorce my husband and marry this man right about then. He licked and sucked me until I came so hard on his face. The neighbors most likely thought I was having an affair with how loud I was screaming. After the orgasm died down, I was begging to suck that cock I have missed so dearly. He slid his pants off and it immediately sprang free. It was bigger and harder than I even remembered. I couldn't wait until it was deep inside me. But I just had to suck it. In seconds it was down my throat. I was sucking it like a drunken porn star, and he didn't fail to tell me about how he had almost forgotten how good I can suck a cock. I was in heaven as his manhood slid in and out of my tight lips. The effects of the wine had fully hit me and all I could think about was how much I was enjoying deep throating this monster. Pulling out only to suck his balls and beg him to let me suck him some more.

Suddenly I was forced away from his cock and immediately on my back with my ankles around his neck. I felt the tip of his enormous member just on the edge of my pussy. Then slowly it slid past my lips. It hurt so bad but felt so good as he slowly filled me. I was used to my husband's six inch cock, but

this day I was getting a major treat. Now balls deep inside me, he began sliding in and out with a little more speed. All the pain subsided and it turned to pure pleasure. I was so wet. I begged Kevin to fuck me like a whore. Like the whore I was when we were together. He then began pumping me hard and fast. His huge balls slapping my ass as he railed me again and again. I reached forward and rubbed my clit hard while this god just made me his filthy whore. I told him about how much of a slut I still was and need him to show me how I should be treated once again.

Instantly he flipped me onto my hands and knees and slid deep inside my pussy from behind. He grabbed my hair and pulled it hard while he fucked me like I was a bitch in heat. He began slapping my ass hard as he pounded me. I screamed like an absolute slut whore as he tore into me. I could not believe how much pleasure was wracking my body. Every nerve was alive and filled with ecstasy. Still rubbing my clit as he fucked me, I came hard a second time as he continued to pound on me from behind.

After a good half hour of this, he pulled out and laid on his back. Needing no guidance I slid down and began sucking his cock deep into my throat while I instinctively straddled his face. He ate my pussy so good while I sucked his rock hard cock like a filthy whore. He continually choked me with his giant member, but I didn't care. I just kept sucking and sucking and sucking. He told me he wanted me to ride him. I complied obediently. Straddling him I slid all the way down on his cock. Riding him hard he impaled me so good. Finally he pulled me forward and gave me a deep passionate kiss as his hands wrapped around my hips and he began fucking me hard from underneath. He fucked me for what seemed like a sweet eternity until finally we both came hard together. Burst after burst of his hot load filled my now not so tight pussy as my own fluids ran rapidly down his hard cock.

Not long after our hot session, Kevin told me he told his wife he was just running to the sporting goods store, so he had to go, but would be in touch. Typical Kevin. But I didn't care. I had gotten the best fuck I had in years, and between that and the wine, was ready to pass out. I made sure I put my thong back on and let it get soaked in Kevin's cum after it leaked out of me. Then ensured it was sitting on the table for when my husband came home. I stayed naked and sweat covered. He was more than happy to find his freshly fucked wife when he got home, and we had some really good sex that night as I told him every detail as I did for you here. Several more encounters happened between me and Kevin, and we continue to fuck til this day. Some encounters Tom knows about. Others he does not. But oh my god is my life so much hotter now. We still don't know who the father of our youngest son is now. However we don't want to do the paternity test just in case. But in my opinion, how could Kevin have not knocked me up by now. Hope you enjoyed my little tale. And believe me when I say it is true in all its steamy little details. I'll write some more soon.